THE

NEW STAR.

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For the NEW STAR.

THE *FRIEND*—VI.

Meſſrs. PRINTERS,

The ladies will certainly excuſe me for giving the following extracted anſwer to the "*Old Bachelor's Reflections on Matrimony*," which formed my laſt number.

HAPPINESS of the MARRIED STATE.

——"*What ſhe wills to do or ſay,*
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt,
All other knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded; wiſdom in diſcourſe with her [*ſhrews:*
Loſes diſcountenanced and like folly
Authority and reaſon on her wait,
Greatneſs of mind, and nobleneſs their ſeat;
Built in her, lovelineſs, & creation awe,
About her as a guard angelic placed."

IT becomes him who is born of a woman, indebted to female tenderneſs for his being, to female inſtruction for his firſt ideas; it becomes him who is the friend of mankind, and knows the influence of woman, to promote the virtues and happineſs of her family, of ſociety, of the world—it becomes him to ſpeak well of the ſex.

Nature has formed theſe queens of the creation, with a delicate hand, lovely as flowers of ſummer, mild as the breeze of morning; complete quinteſſences of all that is amiable and attractive—the fine texture of their bodies, the tunefulneſs of their voices, the niceneſs of their intellectual powers, the ſoftneſs of their tempers, the tenderneſs of their hearts, the juſtneſs of their taſtes, their innate ſenſe of propriety, all denote a ſuperiority of nature, characteriſtic of beings of a higher order of exiſtence.—Marriage, then, which unites us to theſe angelic creatures, makes them our own by legal right and title, indentifies our fleſh, individualizes our bone, makes them part of our own ſelf—Bone of our bone, and fleſh of our fleſh is Elyſium, is Paradiſe!—O the tranſports of conjugal love! the rapturous affection, which flows from an union with the moſt beautiful and amiable ornaments of creation! whoſe agreeable ſociety poliſhes our manners, refines our ideas, humanizes ſavage men, ennobles the ſoul, ſoftens the natural ſternneſs of our nature, invigorates hope, and excites honorable emulation, by the ſweet ſmiles of undiſſembled innocence and purity. Who could be guilty of injuſtice, cruelty, and

meanneſs;

meanneſs; loving and beloved by an amiable lady? Approbation from whatever quarter is highly pleaſing to human nature; but the approbation of the lady we love excites joyful emotions, her friendſhip tranſports the ſoul; but her love electrifies the whole microcoſm, and when love increaſes to fondneſs, 'tis thunder, 'tis lightning, kindling a flame of ecſtacy which I leave to the imagination of the experienced to deſcribe, words are inadequate, and nature can only give ſigns by impetuous tides of thrilling blood, and fluttering palpitations.

Celibacy is exiſtence thrown away; and every unmarried day is a blank in life:—Till Hymen ſmile propitious, every evening my liturgy ſhall cloſe with the exclamation of,

"I've loſt a day."

FOR THE *NEW STAR*.

Meſſrs. EDITORS,

I KNOW not how to begin my work; but I am poſitive, when a proper method finds way to my imagination, I ſhall be at no loſs for words. The greateſt author who ever attempted obſervations, or directions, on the ſubject which I now propoſe handling, found ſubject, not only in the more exalted employments which claim the attention of the learned and polite, but even in the moſt trivial habits incident to the body, and the modification of all its members in their ſeveral relations, even to the pearing of their finger-nails, ſpiting, and picking of ears, teeth, and noſes.---But notwithſtanding all that this ſame author has advanced in favor of his peculiar ſentiments, he has come far ſhort of the merit of ſo extenſive a ſubject; and indeed, in many inſtances, he has treated it very unphiloſophically, and more eſpecially ſo where he inculcates the denial of thoſe little liberties which are, in their nature, ſo innocent, and at the ſame time ſo highly gratifying to the perſon enjoying them. On theſe accounts, I ſhall be juſtified in very materially differing from his Lordſhip in my treatment of the ſubject propoſed.——I begin with *Viſits*.

Always let your viſit be ſuited to your inclination, both as to the time of commencing it, and withdrawing. If the party viſited, diſcover any uneaſineſs, and ſhould ſpeak of the hurry of buſineſs, or appear at a loſs for converſation, having the few obſervations he may chance to make interrupted with gaping, then be careful to divert him, if poſſible, by ſetting him on his hobby-horſe and laughing the creature into a ſmart trot. But if your viſit ſhould fortunately place you among the ladies, or in other words, the "fine girls,"—then talk ambiguouſly, directing your diſcourſe to one of the company who will be likely to give the beſt attention, and watch the approving glance from her whom you are moſt deſirous of pleaſing; if ſhe appear indifferent, make a handſome jeſt on your own impertinence, and change the ſubject.—Be very cautious how you ſwear in company. If you ſhould find an oath abſolutely indiſpenſible, let it be from the moſt finiſhed collection

tion of oaths. A Shandian oath is too complicated, and rather tends to embezzle than excite the finer emotions, which those of a more finished construction produce. The legal oath is too solemn, the soldier's too martial, and the seaman's too boisterous. But the oath which insists on the warmest recommendation, is that which flows from the fascinating lips of eloquence in gentle profusion, as the oil which ran down the beard of Aaron.

Laughter is a critical subject. There are so many circumstances to be considered as appendages; so much to be said of time, place, and mode; so many degrees from the loud overbearing laugh to the whispering smile; and such an infinite variety of faces from Milton's ghastly grin to the delectable and love-animated visage of Adam's fair spouse; that in short, were it not that laughter is a principal grace, I would pass it over in silence. My *fair* readers will excuse my attempting any thing farther on the subject till I have slept and awoke six times; as the smile of LOWISA is too lively on my imagination to be just in a general treatment—How she happened in my study yesterday whilst I passed the street, I leave you all to conjecture.

The POLITE PHILOSOPHER.

Laughing is Catching.

Messrs. PRINTERS,

I AM, what is commonly called, an accomplished fellow, and one that knows how to behave myself: but mark the sequal. Being some days ago, at a house where some persons of quality were convened, a man of more homespun education had the mishap to be also among us; who, when tea was handed round, dropped his cup and saucer, greased himself with his bread and butter, and committed several other mistakes; which among common people might scarce have been noticed; yet here appeared ungenteel & clownish. At his exit I joined the rest of the company in making myself merry with his misfortunes: But whether I was not, soon after, rewarded according to my doings, I leave you to judge. The next morning, being under an obligation to wait on a young lady to a place where I was an utter stranger, I accordingly attended; and as yet all went well; save that at our setting out (as we rode on horse back) in assisting her to get on, I presented the wrong side of the horse to her. This, however, as it was an accident done in a hurry, I did not think much of, so we passed it off with a laugh, and things went on in their usual course, till we arrived at the place of our destination. Here the tragical scene of my disasters commenced. We alighted, and went into the house, going first into an entry; but as the door which led into the common room ascended by a stair, which I did not observe, I stumbled thereat, and for the first salutation, fell my whole length upon the floor, which might perhaps in a great measure account for what afterwards happened:—Having however recover-

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ed myself, though much confused, and greatly ashamed, I was introduced to the family; but by this time I had entirely forgotten that there was any thing for me to do on my part, and stood like a motionless statue. A chair being presented, I attempted to sit down, but missing my seat, to my utter consternation, came a second time to the floor. Guess at the figure I now made, and the emotions of my mind at the result of this complicated scene of mischief which had befallen me. I verily thought my evil stars had got the entire predominence, and that offended Ate was now determined to have a seven fold retribution for the injury done to the poor gentleman afore mentioned. Dinner was now served up, and you would have laughed to see me the first person at the table, tho' I could not tell by what means I came there; and was not a little surprized, when some time after the land lady desired me to oblige her so much as to let her have her knife and fork; but quite amazed when upon examinaton, I found I had almost all the knives and forks on the table round my plate; tho' at first sitting down, I had no more than my own proportion. The long wished for period of my departure, however at length commenced, and after taking my leave in some sort or other, I left the house. But as I was going to mount my horse, finding I had forgot my hat, I returned to get it.—In the mean time, leaving the gate open, a hog entered the yard which I endeavoured to drive out: But whilst I was busily employed with the contrary animal, a number more of those mischievous creatures rushed in; when renewing my efforts, I unluckily blundered over a bush at the lower part of the yard, and fell sprawling into a muddy trench where the washing tubs had been emptied. This had probably quite discouraged me; but the good man of the house having discovered my difficulties, came with his dog and soon cleared his yard of the intruders; while I, on my part, was very happy to get off, by wishing him a good night, though but little past one o'clock, *postmeridianus*.

What idea the honest people entertained of me after my departure, is hard for me to say: But I hope for the future, I shall be more charitable with regard to the accidents and defaults of others. And whilst this tale excites the laughter, I cannot but flatter myself, it will whisper some useful cautions into the minds of my readers.

ALIQUISPIAM.

FROM THE *FARMER'S WEEKLY MUSEUM.*

Common Sense, *is Disposable.*

No. IX.

WIN GOLD AND WEAR IT.

MANY suppose the plain meaning of this text is, "lay your earnings out in clothes;" others have tho' it referred to gamblers.—They would do well to understand

derſtand it literally. If you have been ſo unfortunate as to win money at the card table, I ſhould chooſe to ſee it ſparkling in a pair of paſte knee buckles, or dangling in a gold watch chain, or pearl key, rather than truſted again to the diſpoſal of theſe fickle arbitrators, hearts, diamonds, clubs, and ſpades.—Whatever may be your opinion of law deciſions, I verily believe thy money would ſtand a better chance with lawyer, judge, and jury. If gamblers win gold let them wear it.—I am inclined to think the ſage authors of good old Engliſh proverbs intended ſomething more here than has been obſerved. Their adages are brim full of meaning; ſo full of good wholeſome every day fare, that the ſickley ſtomachs of your Lord Cheſterfield's, and your humble ſervant Smokeface, cannot digeſt them. But the *Prompter*, whoſe writings have a much more conſpicuous place in the library of common Senſe than my Lord Cheſterfield's, is not ſo ſqueamiſh; according to him, "they contain the experience, the wiſdom of nations and ages, compreſſed into the compaſs of a nut ſhell." This, I hope, will be a ſufficient apology for my frequent uſe of thoſe old ſayings, homeſpun expreſſions, and courſe ideas, ſo offenſive to thoſe, who are "more refined than refinement, more ſenſible than ſenſe;" or, as I underſtand it, juſt as fooliſh as folly. Now I believe if we crack the ſhell of this nut I have ſent you wrapt up in Mr. Carliſle's paper, you will find no jeſt, that will burſt your ſides with laughter, but this wholeſome viand, "Earn induſtriouſly, and ſpend prudently," which will not only afford you nouriſhment from the firſt of January to the laſt of December, but prevent the neceſſity of taking a ſingle pill from the doctor, and keep you warm in the coldeſt winter day. As this is a large mouthful, and ſo full of nutriment, I adviſe thee, if thou haſt a good ſtore of laſt year's corn, meat, and cider, to lay it by until next week; in the mean time, if I have an hour's leiſure, I will ſit down and

pick

pick it to pieces, with my pen, as my manner is, and have it prepared for thy use.

An excellent Remedy for the Poison of LOVE.

1st. YOU must open the vein of *consideration*, and let out the blood of *immoderate affection*, then make use of the following directions.—Take the *blossoms* of *sound judgment*, one handful; five handfuls of *Patience*;—one handful of the root of *Understanding*; 12 ounces of *Resolution*, *Prudence* and *Distinction*—two ounces *Dislike* & *Resentment*. Let them simmer together in your brains, 48 hours; then sweeten the close of the former remembrance with the sugar of *good behaviour*, and pour it thro' the funnel of *Contentment* into the heart, and stop it with the cork of *Indifference*.—Take a glassful in the morning in a glass of water, and the same quantity in the evening in a glass of wine.

N. B.—The Ingredients are to be had at the house of *Resolution*, next door to *Reason*, in *Content-street*, in the town of *Faith*, in the county of *Hope*, and in the province of *Truth*.

MORAL *REPOSITORY*.

MAN's felicity consists not in ease, but in action; not in present enjoyment, but in noble pursuits—our desires are unbounded—cannot be satisfied with limited pleasures, therefore we shall pursue infinite good. The most exquisite pleasures arise from beneficence; to communicate happiness gives felicity to the eternal mind; and in this divine channel, all rational beings must receive their's—such pursuits enlarge, polish, and ennoble the mind, while it encircles the wide scale of beings in its benevolent arms, and burns with a generous ardor to spread virtue and happiness round the world. Noble deeds are immortal, they do not die with the day nor expire by accident or time, but they continually travel through life, and feast the soul thro' every vicissitude of fortune with unfailing and solid joy: This dissipates the gloom of anxiety which clouds contracted hearts; banishes the insipidity of vulgar minds who are buried in low scenes and confined to the narrow circle of self, and lights up the soul with the gaiety and sun-shine of true felicity; and this fortifies it against every adverse incident in life. Like Gallia's floating castles, it rides out every storm and enters the fair haven.—While little barks are buried with the surf and die beneath the waves, the lofty ship feels a propitious gale which wafts her to the port—thus the noble mind sails over the sea of time, and life is the golden stream, "calm as the night, and bright as the day," growing in pleasure and shining in brighter beams, until rolling years wind up the human scene, and Heaven opens on the mind consummate day!

THE

THE *MONITOR.*

To SUBDUE PRIDE.

CONSIDER what you ſhall be. Your fleſh returns to corruption and common earth again; nor ſhall your duſt be diſtinguiſhed from the meaneſt beggar or ſlave; no, nor from the duſt of brutes and inſects, or the moſt contemptible of creatures; and as for your ſoul, that muſt ſtand before God, in the world of ſpirits, on a level with the reſt of mankind, and diveſted of all your haughty and flattering circumſtances. None of your vain diſtinctions in this life ſhall attend you to the judgment-ſeat. Keep this tribunal in view, and Pride will wither, and hang down its head.

BANQUET of COMUS.

AN Iriſhman who had but lately arrived from his native place, was invited by a friend, who had reſided here ſometime, to go one fine moon ſhine night, and ſteal plumbs; when they came to the orchard, the inviter mounted a tree, and began to ſhake the branches merrily, while his comrade who ſtood under the tree, ſeeing the fruit fall in abundance, opened his mouth wide to catch ſome; however, a TREE TOAD, ſtartled by the violence of the motion, quit his hold, and dropt plump between Dermot's grinders—"Corney," bawls he, after giving it a ſtout craunch, and ſwallowing it—"Corney has theſe plooms got laggins?" "No," replies Corney,—"Well then (cries Dermot) I've ſwallowed a ſtraddle bug, for I feel'd it kick"—"Nay," (anſwers Corney) "but it is a QUOD——a mighty droll thing they have in this country, for it has got four laggins, and jewſt no tail at all."

AN Iriſh Schoolmaſter, a great enemy to idleneſs, thinking the old copy, "Lazineſs will clothe a man with rags," not ſufficiently correct, altered it, and gave it to one of his ſcholars thus: "Lazineſs will *clothe* a man with *nakedneſs*."

THE

THE *RIVULET.*

FOR THE STAR.

CROCUS TO JENNY.

SINCE thy lov'd form first caught my eye,
Dear Jane, alas! to check the sigh,
To calm the anguish of my breast,
I've try'd, and try'd without success.
Whene'er I see thy pretty face,
Enchanting form, thy ev'ry grace,
O then! I'm forc'd to own 'in pain,'
To try to 'hate you' would be vain;
The tyrant Passion, with delicious smart,
Twists round my brain and wrings my very heart.
Oft times I view, with rapt'rous awe,
*Yon *Green Hills, form'd by Nature's Law,*
Whose majesty proclaim unseen
Their builder to be God Supreme;
For on their western side the lovely Jenny lives,
But ah! her love, her heart to none but Jemmy gives—
Yet, why should I at others bliss
Repine? What tho' the 'balmy kiss'
Thy own dear Jemmy steals from thee:
(Thou say'st the word) 'tis not for me
Like him, to enfold in painted † box,
those charms
Which I (forgive me) wish in his frigid arms.
But since, "in erring reason's spite,
Whatever is, is best and right;"
I'll murmur not, but e'en endure
My hard fate, which admits no cure.
May happiness attend thy days:—
Yet, may'st thou pretty children raise;
Teach them the true, the only road,
That leads to happiness and God.
Thus, thou'lt best oblige the nation,
Give it wealth by procreation,
Nor hide thy social talent given
For social use, by social Heav'n.

Paugus Town, July '97.

* A range of mountains in New-hampshire, denominated "*Green Hills.*"

† The young lady is shortly to be married to a Mr. COFFIN.

The AMUSEMENT of YOUNG *FOPS.*

GAMING, talking, swearing, drinking,
Hunting, shooting, never thinking;
Cheat'ring nonsense all day long,
Humming half a stupid song;
Chusing baubles, rings, and jewels,
Writing verses, fighting duels;
Mincing words in conversation,
Ridiculing half the nation;
Admiring their own pretty faces,
As if possess'd of all the graces,
And tho' no bigger than a rat,
Peeping under each girl's hat.

STANZA—of a Fragment.

TOMMY BLOUNT,—Tommy Blount,
Though for squabbles you hunt,
And rave at our THATCHER & BLODGET;
By my troth, but I fear,
When a bullet you hear,
You'll be cursedly willing to dodge it.